

LETTERS,
POEMS,
AND
TALES:
AMOROUS, SATYRICAL,
and GALLANT.

Which passed between
Several Persons of Distinction.

Now first Publish'd from their respective
Originals, found in the Cabinet of that
Celebrated Toast Mrs. ANNE LONG,
since her Decease.



L O N D O N:

Printed for E. CURLL in Fleetstreet. 1718.
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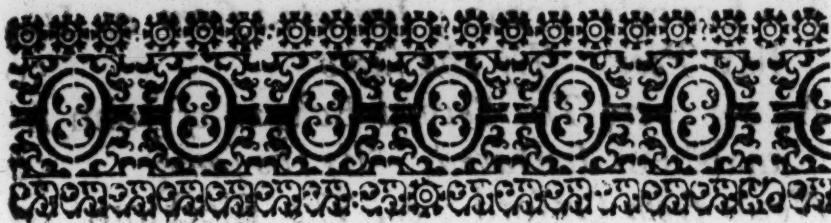
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THE

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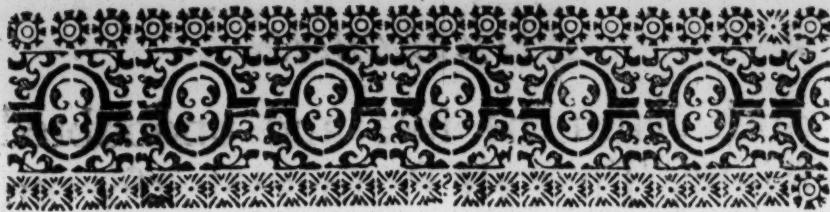
LARINDA.

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Miscellanies.



Miscellanies.

A DECREE for Conclud- ing the T R E A T Y between Dr. SWIFT and Mrs. LONG.

WHEREAS it hath been
signifyed to us, that
there is now a Treaty
of Acquaintance on Foot
between Dr. *Swift* of
Leicester-fields, on the one Part, and
Mrs. *Long* of *Albemarle-street*, on the
other Part. And whereas the said
Dr. *Swift*, upon the Score of his
Merit, and extraordinary Qualities,
B doth

doth claim the sole and undoubted Right, That all Persons whatsoever, shall make such Advances to him, as he pleases to demand ; any Law, Claim, Custom, Privilege of Sex, Beauty, Fortune, or Quality, to the contrary notwithstanding.

And whereas the said Mrs. *Long*, humbly acknowledging and allowing the Right of the said Doctor, doth yet insist upon certain Privileges and Exceptions, as a Lady of the TOAST||,

|| *These Verses were written by the Lord Wharton round one of the Toasting-Glasses of the Kit-Cat-Club, 1703.*

Fill the Glaſs ; let the Hautboÿs sound,
 Whilst bright *Longy's* Health goes round :
 With eternal Beauty bleſt,
 Ever blooming, still the best ;
 Drink your Glaſs, and think the reſt. }

which

which Privileges, she doth alledge, are excepted out of the Doctor's general Claim, and which she cannot betray, without injuring the whole Body, whereof she is a Member: By which Impediment the said Treaty is not yet brought to a Conclusion; to the great Grievance and Dammage of Mrs. *Van Homrigh*, and her fair Daughter *Heffy*.

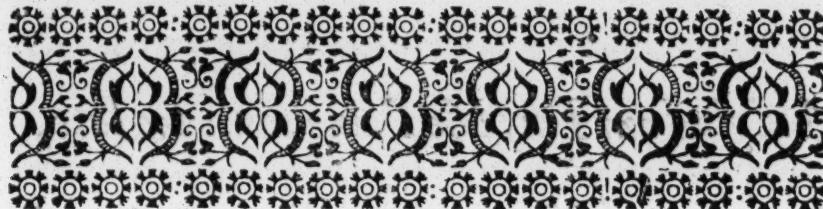
And whereas the Decision of this weighty Cause is referred to Us, in our Judicial Capacity ; We, out of our tender Regard to Truth and Justice, having heard and duly considered the Allegations of both Parties, do Declare, Adjudge, Decree, and Determine, That the said Mrs. *Long*, notwithstanding any Privileges she may claim as aforesaid, as a Lady of the *TOAST*, shall, without *Essoin* or *Demurr*, in Two Hours after the Publishing of this our *DECREE*, make all Advances to the said Doctor, that he shall de-

mand ; And that the said Advances shall not be made to the said Doctor, as *Un Homme sans Consequence* ; but purely upon Account of his great Merit.

And We do hereby strictly forbid the said Mrs. *Van Homrigh*, and her fair Daughter *Heffy*, to aid, abett, comfort or encourage her the said Mrs. *Long*, in her Disobedience for the Future. And in Consideration of the said Mrs. *Long*'s being a **TOAST**, we think it just and reasonable, That the said Doctor should permit her in all Companies to give her self the Reputation of being one of his Acquaintance ; which no other Lady shall presume to do, upon any Pretence whatsoever, without his especial Leave and License first had and obtained.

By *Especial Command*,

G. V. HOMRIGH.



*To Mrs. ANNE LONG, at
Draycot, near Chippen-
ham, in Wiltshire.*



*From the Orifice of my Ink-pot, when
January was just expiring; in the
Year 1690-1.*

Y your gentle Respite of
B Writing, and seeming Si-
lence, I began to be divi-
ded with my self, whe-
ther to congratulate your joyful Re-
surrection, or to condole your late
ill Distemper, 'till the Transport of
your

your obliging Lines soon resolv'd
my Doubt.

And glad am I my Med'cine came too late,

But why don't You your Cure communicate?

I am (altho' I say it) of a very flexible Disposition towards Reconcilements ; and the rather, when conjur'd to it by so potent a Charmer as your self. And therefore, musty Mrs. Muse, let's kiss and be Friends ; for thy Meeter (they say) exceeds most Medicines ; and yet I fancy, I have a Medicine that outdoes thy Meeter. And tho' *Lerinda* perhaps may not want it her self, yet happily she may have an Opportunity of befriending a Passion of her own creating with it : And therefore it is but requisite and civil, that she be soon supplyed, to save the sweet Life of a Languisher from expiring

ring at the Shadow of her Shoe-buckle.

To Cure the Wound of LOVE.

TAKE 4 Ounces of *Discretion*, 8 of *Consideration*, 10 Grains of *Fucundity*, 12 Drachms of *Indifferency*, 6 Pounds of *Inconstancy*, 3 Scruples of *Patience*, half a Handful of *Hatred*, 3 good Handfuls of *Employment*, 11 Tears *Hebetude*, 14 Tears *Absence*, 5 Ounces of the *Under-Leather* of that *Man's Shoes* who never knew *Sorrow*; the constant Company of 9 *Travellers*, that returned home *Honest*: When you have obtained these, boil them in your *Brain* 7 Months without *Intermission*, till a third part is consumed; still stirring it as it boils, with that *End* of a *Nun's Busk* which is usually next to her *Navel*; cooling it with 7 *Sighs* of a forsaken *Lover's Breath*: And when it

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To Cure the Wound of LOVE.

TAKE 4 Ounces of *Discretion*, 8 of *Consideration*, 10 Grains of *Fucundity*, 12 Drachms of *Indifference*, 6 Pounds of *Inconstancy*, 3 Scruples of *Patience*, half a Handful of *Hatred*, 3 good Handfuls of *Employment*, 11 Tears *Hebetude*, 14 Tears *Absence*, 5 Ounces of the *Under-Leather* of that Man's Shoes who never knew *Sorrow*; the constant Company of 9 Travellers, that returned home *Honest*: When you have obtained these, boil them in your Brain 7 Months without *Intermission*, till a third part is consumed; still stirring it as it boils, with that End of a Nun's *Busk* which is usually next to her *Navel*; cooling it with 7 Sighs of a forsaken Lover's *Breath*: And when it

is

is cool enough, spread it on the Skin of a discontented Lover's Breast that has newly hanged himself: and apply it plaster-wise blood warm to your Heart. Be sure you take not off the Plaister, till it comes away of it self. Probatum.

Well! and what say you now, Forsooth? Am not I to be trusted 24 Hours with my own Heart, think you, when I have such a pure Piece of Infallibility by me? This is a Preparative in Pickle, in case the fair *Bellecinda* should breathe out some fore Symptoms of Severity.

O rare! now the Murder is out: *And now I am thinking of Scandal, pray do you know the Man that hath caused all this Tattle with Beau Dormer's Spouse?* Pray, do I know the fair Lady that asks me that cunning Question? Do but see how it blushes in the very repeating it! Sure there

is something more than ordinary in the Matter ; my quick-scented Jealousie smells a Rat. It must be so. It is he, and can be no body else. Now must I forgive him too, and pardon all his Inflination, it having let me into such an happy Converse with so sweet a Scribe. I must confess, had it been my own Case, I know not how I might have been tempted into the like Enormity, under such powerful Charms as *Lerinda* is Mistress of. However, he shall never make me eat my Words, I have said of him ; for that would be something too hard upon me to do, they being written over the Steam of an Enchanted Castle.

Your Flead Rabbit left the Town Yesterday, and is gone to fuck his dry Grandame. If he makes you not a Visit before he returns, I will pronounce him Clown of all Clowns. You seem to express a most wonderful sweet Disposition in making the

best Construction of my ill Nature,
For I shall still stick to my new Hu-
mour of Woman-hating, as Occasion
shall offer. Nor expect no Cause of
Prevention, except it be by a Smile
from *Bellecinda*. What flattering
Author is it, I wonder, that you
have so luckily stumbled upon, to
delude, and tickle your Fancy: For,

*If you the Silver were, and we the Dross,
Why did Dame Eve hop home by weeping-cross?
Was she not fram'd of Father Adam's Rib?
Then, by your Leave, your Author tells a Fib.*



LERIN.



**L E R I N D A's
R E T U R N.**

NO, no, 'tis not *Lerinda's Ghost* we see,
'Tis she herself, the charming, very She.
There's so much of the Lilly and the Rose,
This Form to be a Ghost, we can't suppose.
She such a fresh and blushing Look puts on,
The *Name of Ghost* must not be thought upon :

For thro' her Frame, methinks, is plainly seen
That shining Heav'ly Soul which dwells
[within,

Ring, ring the Bells, nay, ring the Belfry
[down,
To speak *Lerinda's* Welcome to the Town.

Build Pyramids of Bonfires; let all blaze,
Whilst we on fair *Lerinda's* Beauty gaze.

Ne'er fear the Town's being burnt; for 'tis
[no doubt,
Lerinda's brighter Flames will put all out.

Thrice welcome to the Light of this bright
[Day,
Her Sun-shine melts the very Cold away.

How sadly did we droop for thy Reflex!

Thou only Pride and Glory of thy Sex!

See yonder! how the Blazing Star appears!

See, what a Lustre in Herself she bears!

Her

Her lovely Charms all our dull Thoughts in-
[spires,
And in our Hearts creates us new Desires.

Now, Sparks, look to yourselves, spruce
[up, and dress,
And languish at *Lerinda's* Comeliness,
When with her Eyes, the Sight of yours
[you bless.
For when Heav'n has bestow'd us such a
[Blessing,
Who can't but think of Prinking and of
[Dressing?
Now for the Park and Plays your selves pre-
[pare,
And strive who first shall meet *Lerinda* there.
Then to the Musick-house, which shou'd she
[grace,
Her Voice out-charms the Musick of the
[Place.
All lofty Commodes then to hers must sneak,
When they *Lerinda* see, or hear her speak.

Should

Should you at Church but have a godly
[Motion,
Lerinda's Charms will hinder your Devotion.

For as your Zeal and Fervency grows faint,
Lerinda there will be your only Saint.

The fair *Lerinda* now does plainly show,
She 'as left Mortality, and Things below.

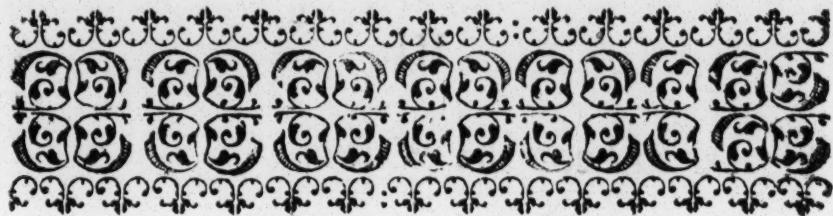
Now let us all our store of Incense burn,
For the gay Planet of the West's Return.

Of her Arrival let us blefs the Hour,
For she's descended in a Golden Show'r.

And with her does the best of Seasons bring,
The welcome Resurrection of a backward
[Spring.



SONG



SONG.

I.

SEE the bright *Lerinda* walking,
Resistless Graces we admire :

Hear the lovely Charmer talking,

She gives to ev'ry Breast a Fire.

II.

All our Youth, without repining,

Proud and Happy in their Pains;

To Her their humble Hearts resigning,

Glory in their welcome Chains.

III. Pleas'd

III.

Pleas'd to hear the Wise complaining,
How dear one View of her has cost;
Whilst they find their Passions reigning,
And all their boasted Wisdom lost.



A R I D-



A

R I D D L E.

WHAT's the Difference be-
tween a Nine-Pin Bowl,
and a Woman's Breast?

S O L U T I O N.

*The One, may affect a Man's Noddle;
the Other, his Heart.*

D

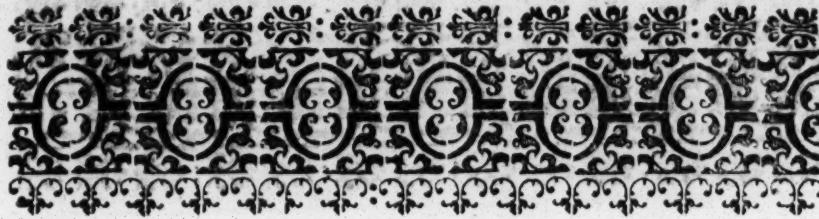
But

But on profounder Contemplation,
I do conceive th' Interpretation
Of your hard Bowl, and tender Breast,
To be more aptly thus exprest :

*To raise a Middle Pin, the Breast is known,
The Bowl, a Middle Pin to tumble down.*



THE



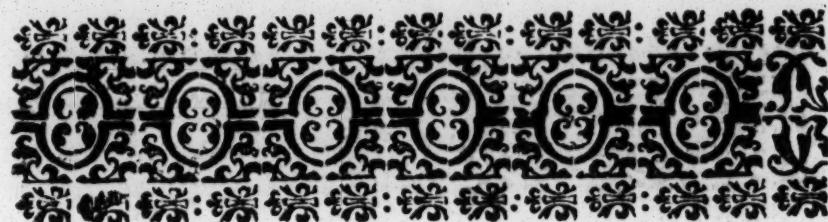
THE
RAPTURE.

CRy'd *Strephon*, panting in *Cosmelia's*
Arms,

I die, bright Nymph, I die, amidst your
Charms !

Chear up dear Youth, reply'd the Maid,
dissolv'd in am'rous Pain,

All Men must die (bright Boy, you know)
e'er they can Rise again.



To Mrs. L O N G.

May-Day, 1704.

My Dearest LONGY,

ACCEPT the Product of
a Two Hours Walk by
Severn Side ; had the
Subject been better han-
dled , I know there's
some Thoughts in't would please
you : But since you're humbly con-
tent with dull Friends, you must
e'en take up with dull Poetry. My
chief Reason for writing it, was to
convince you, that I was out of the
Spleen ; and in the best manner I
could,

could, to shew my Gratitude, for your not resenting my Impertinencies whilst I was in it. How unequally does Fate dispose of our Intentions and Actions ! Poor *Peggy* desired a fine Thing, to put in her Table-Book, and hers is yet to be thought on : You did not think it worth while to ask for one, and, lo ! 'tis come unlook'd for, and perhaps, unwelcome. 'Tis unreasonable to trouble thee with an Inundation of ridiculous Stuff, both in Verse and Prose, all in one Day ; therefore, in meer Pity to thee, I end with the old, disagreeable Assurance, of being, &c.





La Belle Insensible.

CUPID, angry, that his Dart,
Could never once wound CÆLIA's Heart,
Swore by his Quiver and his Bow,
He first or last, would make her know,
What 'twas an angry God t' incense ;
She scornfully reply'd, Get hence,
Ye sniv'ling Chit ; my Fingers itch
To take a Rod, and whip your Breech.

Stark

Stark mad with Rage, away he flings,
And round his Mother's Knees he clings,
Cries, Help me, Mother, I'm undone,
My Empire is quite overthrown,
If you deny your pow'rful Aid,
To punish an imperious Maid.
Ten Years, I've try'd my keenest Shafts,
She blunts 'em all, and at me laughs.
I cannot bring her to Compliance;
She sets my Godhead at Defiance.
VENUS then gravely made a Pause,
For which she had sufficient Cause:
But having ripely weigh'd the Matter,
She thus bespake her Son:—To flatter

In such a Case, were arrand Nonsense;
Besides, I've giv'n it over long since :
I know this Nymph ; she's wondrous fair,
Beauty's Epitomiz'd in her :
Majestick JUNO's Port she bears,
And keeps Mankind in awful Fears :
In Wit and Judgment she surpasses
All MINERVA's artful Graces.
In Beauty (to my mortal Trouble)
Whatever I have, she has double.
For Heart of Adamant and Ice,
To her, DIANA yields the Prize :
Now, Child, says VENUS, if you can,
With looking sharp, find out a Man

whose

Whose Person, Mien, whose Wit and Sense,

To Worth, like hers, lays just Pretence;

I know not, but you may succeed,

And make the haughty Victim bleed

To your Revenge: But till you do,

An endless Toy! cease to pursue.

His Godship whimp'ring, sadly said,

And is this, Mother, all your Aid?

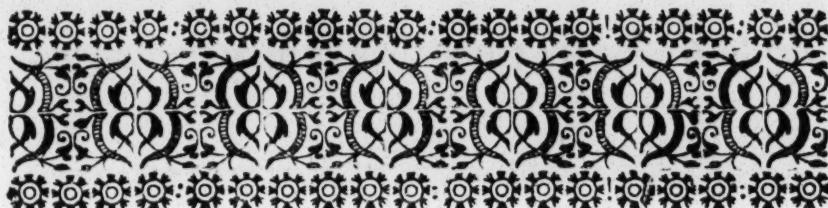
I then may trudge the World around,

But such a Man's not to be found:

And since one Nymph can baffle all my Art,

I'll break my Bow, for 'tis not worth a Fart.





To the Honourable the

Lady Mary Chambers.

M A D A M,

 H A T Imaginary Creature, which your Ladiship is pleas'd to call my Muse, no less than the Real Charmer of my Heart, which I must not name, is alike unkind to me upon all Occasions.

All *Apollo's* Sisters hate me, from *Diana*, to the *Nine* that inspire us; so that your Ladiship may readily

con-

conclude, I am in a very fair way,
either to be a Poet or Happy.

Sir *William*, || that Christian Hero,
who can't endure a *Turk*, and wishes
heartily for another Holy War to
be at them, humbly presumes to
advise the Lady *Betty* not to trust
her self among *Infidels*, and to have
nothing to do out of *Christendom*.

In the midst of his Concern for
her, being a Gallant Knight, he
flew out into Raptures : My bad
Memory has recover'd a few of
them, which I here send your Ladi-
ship.

Why shou'd the charming *Galatea* shun
The bleeding Conquests that her Eyes have
[won?
Oh ! stay, and give us yet a gentler Fate,
For Absence is more cruel than your Hate.

|| Sir William Trumball, who went Am-
bassador to Turkey.

Love in those Eyes so absolutely reigns,
We're Slaves by Choice, nor wish to quit
[our Chains;
Vain of our Wounds, and proud to be un-
[done,
We would not from the glorious Ruin run.

Her Charms the Limits of an Isle disdain,
And spread a pow'rful Empire o'er the Main.
Shall she to barb'rous Coasts from hence re-
[move,
And melt their Tyrant Hearts with Flames
[of Love?
To punish haughty Slaves, that proudly dare
Triumph o'er Beauty, and insult the Fair.
Ev'n He, whose Nod a thousand Beauties
[wait,
And wishing, silently expect their Fate,
Aw'd by her Charms, shall a just Vengeance
[meet,
And lie a Slave despairing at her Feet.

But

But O bright Nymph, let not a late Re-
[turn,
Make wretched we your tedious Absence
[mourn.
Let then the barb'rous Nations soon restore
Fair *Galatea* to the *British* Shore :
Else they expect in vain the War should
[cease,
And *England*'s Moderator signs in vain the
[PEACE.



T H E

THE EDICT OF PRATO:
OR,
Cuckoldom Defended.

A
TALE from Boccace.

TOO weak are Laws, and Edicts vain,
The Hearts of Women to restrain :
For when with happy Search they find
The Men they like, they still are Kind :

So

So strong, so daring is their Love,

It does ev'n Fear of Death remove.

For Proof of this, if others fail,

I now design to tell a Tale.

At *Prato* once upon a Time,

Adultery was thought a Crime,

And ev'ry kind consenting Wife,

Was doom'd by Law to lose her Life :

So partial was this horrid Act,

It equally condemn'd the Fact,

Whether the Cause were pure Desire,

Or sordid Gain, and sinful Hire.

No sooner did the Edict pass,

But one RINALDO found (alas !)

His

His Wife PHILLIPPA, fam'd for Charms,

In lusty LAZARINO's Arms ;

And with Revenge and Fury fill'd,

'T was ten to one he both had kill'd :

But eager Passion he restrain'd,

The bold *Adulteress*, arraign'd,

And to the Magistrate complain'd.

The Judge for Tryal nam'd the Day,

And gave her Time to slip away.

But she resolv'd to stand it out :

In vain her Kindred went about,

By dire Descriptions of the Law,

To fright and force her to withdraw ;

She minded not a Word she heard :

One would have sworn by what appear'd,

She

She thought her Fate would glorious prove,
To suffer Martyrdom for *Love.*

When solemn Day of Tryal came,
In Court appear'd the guilty Dame ;
But look'd as chearful, brisk and gay,
As those that Ogle at a Play.
The Judge was in a mortal Fright,
Extreamly touch'd by Charms so bright,
Lest she the Matter should confess,
Her Case would then be past Redress,
She must be burnt. Madam, he said,
Your Spouse has Information made,
That you were lately caught by him
Committing the forbidden Crime

F *Adul-*

His Wife PHILLIPPA, fam'd for Charms,
In lusty LAZARINO's Arms ;
And with Revenge and Fury fill'd,
'Twas ten to one he both had kill'd :
But eager Passion he restrain'd,
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Extreamly touch'd by Charms so bright,
Lest she the Matter should confess,
Her Case would then be past Redress,
She must be burnt. Madam, he said,
Your Spouse has Information made,
That you were lately caught by him
Committing the forbidden Crime

Adultery, and doubtless, you
Have heard for this, what Death is due :
Consider what you have to say,
And prudently your Answer weigh.

She said, I freely own the Fact,
He caught me in the very *Act* :
With Joy the pleasing Word I name,
For, know, I glory in my *Flame* ;
And since my Passion did begin,
Have often try'd the *tempting Sin*.
For this, you say, I ought to die ;
But you know better, Sir, than I,
That Laws for Publick Justice meant,
Should pass by General Consent :

And

And pray, what Woman did appear
To vote for this? I ne'er cou'd hear
Of One that lik'd it, and 'tis hard,
They should unjustly be debarr'd
Their Native Right, by a Decree
To which they never did agree.

On *Us* alone Restraint is laid,
Who are by bounteous Nature made
To give *Content* to more than *One* ;
Which never yet by *Man* was done.

If Prejudice did not prevail,
Your solid Wisdom could not fail,
For me this Matter to decide ;
And to declare this *Edict* void.

But, Sir, if Death must be my Doom,
Soon let the welcome Minute come,
Secure I wait the fatal Blow ;
Yet first one easie Favour shew :
Pray, ask my Husband, there he stands,
If all his *Conjugal Demands*,
Have not been answered by me,
With an exact Conformity ?

RINALDO said, I must confess,
My Wife did still comply in this ;
Inclin'd my wish'd Desires to grant,
And fond to satisfy my Want.

Observe,

Observe, Sir, that, PHILLIPPA said,

Whate'er he wanted, still he had :

Then wherefore, pray, this mighty Pother,

If I to gratify another,

Employ'd the useless Residue,

Pray, *Husband*, what was that to you ?

I, like a charitable Fair,

Bestowing what I had to spare,

Believ'd it better to improve

My growing *Overplus* of *Love*,

Than suffer envious *Marriage Bands*

To keep it dead upon my *Hands*.

Her

Her Speech so pleas'd the list'ning Croud,

They clapt their Hands, and laugh'd aloud.

RINALDO durst no longer stay,

But hid his Face, and sneak'd away.

And fair PHILLIPPA by her Art,

So brib'd the Court to take her Part,

So to her side the Judge did draw,

She fav'd Herself, and damn'd the Law.



To



To Mrs. A. C.
WITH
Mr. Young's POEM
ON THE
LAST DAY.

By THOMAS TRISTRAM of Pemb.
Coll. Oxon.

MADAM,

H_Ere sacred Truths, in lofty Numbers
[told,
The Prospect of a Future State unfold:

The Realms of Night to mortal View dis-
[play,
And the glad Regions of Eternal Day.
This

This daring Author scorns by vulgar Ways,
Of guilty Wit, to merit worthless Praise.
Full of her glorious Theme his tow'ring
With gen'rous Zeal a nobler Fame persues :
Religion's Cause her ravish'd Heart inspires,
And with a thousand bright Ideas fires ;
Transports her quick, impatient, piercing
O'er the strait Limits of *Mortality*,
To boundless Orbs, and bids her fearless soar
Where only **MILTON** gain'd Renown be-
Where various Scenes alternately excite
Amazement, Pity, Terror, and Delight.

Thus did the Muses sing in early Times,
E'er skill'd to flatter Vice, & varnish Crimes :
Their

Their Lyres were tun'd to virtuous Songs
[alone,
And the chaste Poet and the Priest were One.

But now forgetful of their Infant State,

They sooth the wanton Pleasures of the
[Great:
And from the Press and the licentious Stage,

With luscious Poyson taint the thoughtless
[Age;
Deceitful Charms attract our wond'ring
Eyes,
And specious Ruin unsuspected lies.

So the rich Soil of *India's* blooming Shores,

Adorn'd with lavish Nature's choicest Stores,

Where Serpents lurk, by Flow'rs conceal'd
[from Sight,
Hides fatal Danger under gay Delight.

These purer Thoughts from gross Allays
[refin'd,
With Heav'nly Raptures elevate the Mind:

Not fram'd to raise a giddy short-liv'd Joy,
 Whose false Allurements, while they please,
 But Bliss resembling That of Saints above,
 Sprung from the Vision of th' Almighty's
 Firm, solid Bliss, for ever Great and New,
 The more 'tis known, the more admir'd,
 Like YOU, fair Nymph, in whom united
 Endearing Sweetness, unaffected Wit,
 And all the Glories of your sparkling Race,
 While inward Virtues heighten ev'ry Grace.

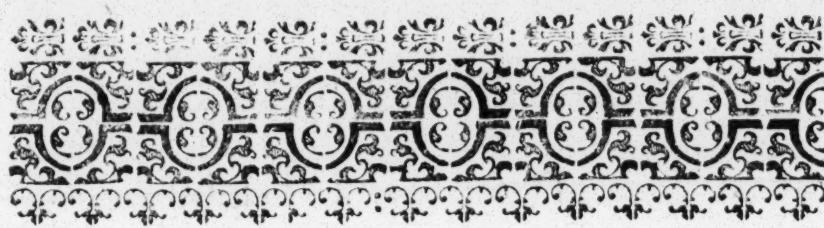
By These secur'd, You will with Pleasure
 Of Future Judgment, and the Rising Dead ;
 Of Time's grand Period, *Heav'n and Earth*
 And gasping Nature's last tremendous Groan.

These,

These, when the Stars and Sun shall be no
[more,
Shall Beauty to Your ravag'd Form restore:

Then shall You shine with an Immortal
[Ray,
Improv'd by Death, and brighten'd by
[Decay.





LA RINDA.



By the Same.



LA RINDA, the Pride of the Plain,
So fam'd for her conquering Charms,
Repenting her Scorn of a Swain,
Sate pensive, and folding her Arms.

Her

Her Lute, and her shining Attire,

Neglected were laid at her Side ;

While, pining with hopeless Desire,

The Damsel thus mournfully cry'd :

Oh ! cou'd the past Hours but return,

When I triumph'd in ANGELOT's Heart,

LARINDA wou'd mutually burn,

Wou'd mutually suffer the Smart :

But far from the Plain is he gone !

Enjoys the sweet Smiles of a Fair,

Whose Kindness the Shepherd has won,

And LARINDA no more is his Care.

How

How oft at these Feet has he lain,
Bewailing his sorrowful Fate !
But all his Complaints were in vain,
I foolishly doated on State.
I long'd to be gaz'd on in Town,
To sparkle in golden Array ;
By my Dress and my Charms to be known
In the Park, and at ev'ry New Play.
I thought without Grandeur and Fame,
That Marriage no Blessing could prove,
Some wealthy young Heir was my Aim,
And I slighted poor ANGELOT's Love.

Such

Such Madness besotted my Mind,

I receiv'd all his Sighs with Disdain ;

I regarded his Vows but as Wind,

And scornfully smil'd at his Pain.

How happy my Fortune had been,

Cou'd my Reason have conquer'd my
[Pride !

In Bliss had I Rivall'd a Queen,

Had been my dear ANGELOT's Bride.

With Him more Content had I found,

Than Grandeur and Fame can supply ;

For his Fondness my Wishes had crown'd,

With a Passion that never would die.

I had

I had feasted with innocent Joy,
On the Pleasures of Kindness and Ease,
While the Fears which the Great Ones an-
[noy,
Had ne'er interrupted my Peace.

But ah ! that glad Prospect is gone !

His Love I can never regain :
And the Loss I shall ever bemoan,
Till Death shall relieve me from Pain.

Thus wail'd the sad Nymph all in Tears ;
When the Swain to the Green did advance,
In his Hand his new Confort appears,
With a Train gaily joyn'd in a Dance.

Impa-

Impatient and sick at the Sight,

To the neighbouring Grove she retir'd;

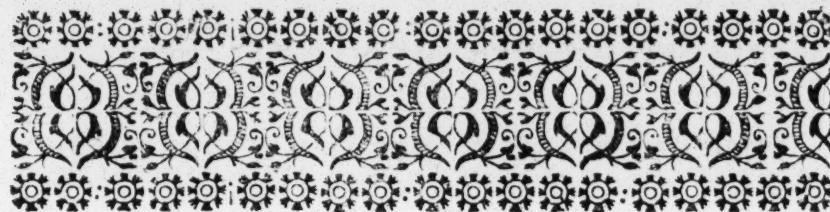
(Once the Scene of her daily Delight)

And fainting in Silence expir'd.



H

T H E



THE
LOVER's TOMB.

Imitated from an *Italian POET.*



By the Same.



NO stately Pyramid I'd have,
Nor *Parian* Marble o'er my Grave,
Adorn'd with pompous Epitaph ;

} {

To

To tell to late Posterity,

My fam'd Exploits and Pedigree.

But when my Soul shall take her Flight

To the gay Climes of endless Light ;

May the cold Earth but hide my Face,

And press me with a light Embrace.

Then musing on the jovial Days,

While tender CÆLIA tun'd my Lays,

(Whose Image still my Heart retains,

And glories in her easie Chains)

And full of Thoughts on Pleasures past ;

To keep my Tenure to the last,

That I may still officious prove

To CUPID and the Queen of Love,

When Death shall take it from my Pow'r,

To act their Dictates as before ;

Up-rising from the Ground, I'd be

Transform'd into a *Myrtle-Tree*.

There, upon ev'ry First of *May*,

Shou'd sprightly Nymphs keep Holy-day ;

And all who love the wanton Sport,

Shou'd thither full of Hopes resort ;

And oft around me shou'd advance,

With merry Song and frolick Dance ;

And toy, and laugh, and kiss away

The fleeting Hours, and bless the Day.

And she whose Kiss is sweetest own'd,

With my sweet Branches shou'd be crown'd.

Then

Then thus might some well-meaning tongue
Recount my Praise amidst the Throng :

The Man whose Bones lie here at Rest,
Was once as merry as the Best;
A true Support of HYMEN's Laws,
Who durst have dy'd in CUPID's Cause.
And one, who thus has pass'd the Test,
Deserves an hearty Wish at least.
Then fill the Bowl, and send it round;
Soft be his Bed ! his Slumbers sound !

The Shepherd Swain, securely laid
Beneath the Shelter of my Shade,

May

May tend his Flock, and sing his Dame;
And tell the vocal Woods his Flame,
In Notes so tuneful, as may move
The Nymph to listen to his Love ;
Who vanquish'd, hither will retire
To quench her longing Lover's Fire :
And many a Sigh, and many a Kiss,
Shall guide them to transporting Bliss,
Then, while they languish with Desire,
I'll shoot my springing Branches high'r :
My Berries too shall sweeter grow,
And brighten'd wear a nobler Hue.

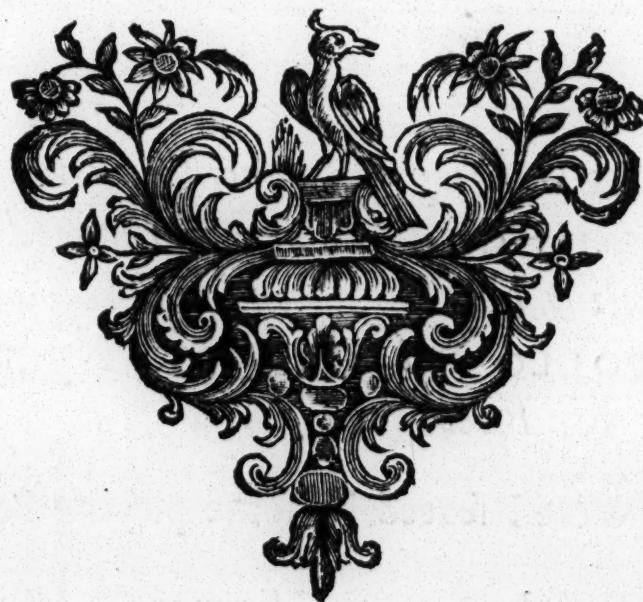
Then

Then * DAPHNE's self to me shall yield,

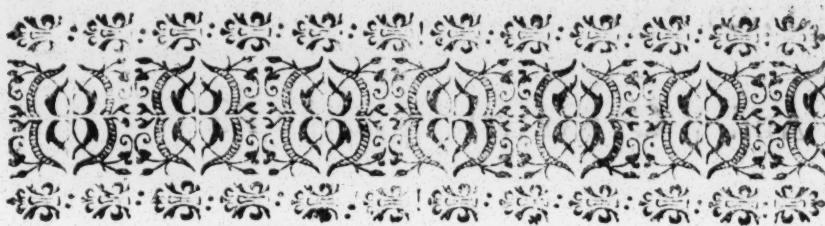
And † CYPARISSUS quit the Field.

* Who was chang'd into a Lawrel.

† Who was chang'd into a Cypress. See Ovid's
Metamorphoses.



ACON:



A C O N :

O R,

The Second ECLOGUE of
John Amaltheus Imitated.

By the Same.

HYELLA being dangerously sick, her Lover ACON is here introduced bewailing her Affliction, and imploring APOLLO and the Wood-Nymphs for her Recovery.

O Were I seated by some pitying Pow'r
On * Dicte's Top, or † Erymanthus' Shore!

* A Mountain in Crete. † A River in Arcadia, where Medicinal Herbs grew in great Plenty.

Thence

Thence spicy *Gums* and fragrant *Myrrh* I'd
[bring,

With all the balmy Product of the Spring;

And poor *HYELLA*'s weak'ning Pains re-
[move,

And raise the drooping Spirits of my Love.

Struggling for Breath, and spent with pite-
[ous Sighs,

The gentle Nymph forlorn and helpless lies:

Nothing can give her Comfort or Relief;

The Stars, all Night, are conscious of her
[Grief;

And *Phœbus*, when he first ascends the Skies,

The lovely Mourner bath'd in Tears de-
[scries;

And when he downward takes his Western
[Way,

He views her weeping with his latest Ray.

O PHœBUS ! God of Physick ! Source of
 [Light !
 Who gild'st the Skies with Beams for ever
 [bright,
 And to each Plant dost Life and Vigor give,

Look down, and my dejected Fair relieve.

Then, near the River, in the neighbouring
 [Mead,
 Shall many a Lawrel * rear its tender Head;

These shall thy grateful suppliant ACON
 [set,
 And fence from Winter's Cold, and Sum-
 [mer's Heat.
 But if the lovely, dear despairing Maid

Shall find her rosie Beauties undecay'd ;

* The Lawrel being Phœbus's (or Apollo's) fa-
 vourite Tree, the Propagating of it was thought
 highly acceptable to Him.

If all her Charms with former Splendour
[rise,
By *Health* divested of their wan Disguise;

Then when the gladsom *Spring* with genial
[Show'rs,
Awakes the Grass, and sweetly breathing
[Flow'rs;
When golden *Autumn* decks the fertile Plain

With plenteous Crops, to cheer the lab'ring
[Swain;
She, fair *HYELLA*'s self, shall Lawrels raise,

She too shall build an Altar to thy Praise;

Which by her beauteous Hands shall be
[Supply'd
With all the various Season's Flow'ry Pride.

And thither shall religious Shepherds throng

With Tributary Sacrifice and Song;

And oft, thy deathless Deeds recounting,
 [tell
 How by thy Darts the savage * *Python* fell.

A thousand Arrows, and a thousand Bows,
 A thousand Jav'lins hung in artless Rows
 Upon the tow'ring Oak, thy glorious Name,
 And thy diffusive Goodness shall proclaim.

But chiefly You, who dwell near cooling
 [Shades,
 And mossy Grotts, be present, *Sylvan Maids!*

If oft HYELLA's tender Hands have bound
 Your Shrines with Vervain, and with Roses
 [crown'd;

* A Monster slain by Apollo: This *Exploit* gave
 original to the Pythian Games.

If oft the Nymph delighted to compose
Fresh Ivy-Garlands for your Virgin Brows ;
O'er Syria for its richest Juices roam,
And loaded with *Arabia's* Treasures come :
For Cassia seek in ev'ry spicy Grove,
And nurse her with the Tenderness of Love.

See ! how the feeble Charmer fainting
[lies !
Pale are her Cheeks ! and languid are her
[Eyes !
Like a fair Hyacinth in kindly Soil,
Whose early Sweets requite the Florist's
[Toil :
The Morning Dews, and vernal Air display
Its op'ning Beauties drest in bright Array ;

Till

Till wayward Storms or ruthless Blights
 [annoy
 The blooming Flow'r and ev'ry Charm
 [destroy :
 Then by Degrees it droops its sick'ning
 [Head,
 And dying, sinks upon its humble Bed.

How gloomy Solitude and Sorrow reign
 In ev'ry Grove, and brood on ev'ry Plain !

The Fields no more their wonted Verdure
 [boast ;
 The Trees have all their leafy Honours
 [lost ;
 The Lillies fade ; and baleful Weeds are
 [seen
 Where purple Violets have lately been.

Yon *Fountain* too restrains his Watry Store,
 And bubbles from the rocky Cliff no more.

Half fix'd in Grief for poor HYELLA's Woe,

His Streams move onward languishingly
[flow.

Break, *Fountain*, break thy Urn, * thy Wa-
ters hide,
Nor thro' the Vales in wanton Mazes glide.

She's gone, who near thy Channel often
[stray'd,
Or bathing with thy silver Current play'd.

Break, break thy Urn, in secret Caverns
[rove,

And from the chearful Light of Day re-
[move.

She's gone, alas ! from thy frequented side,

Whose heav'nly Musick stay'd the flowing
[Tide.

* The Deity presiding over any Stream, is always represented by the Ancients, holding an Urn, fill'd with continual Supplies of Water, which he suffers to flow, or restrains at his Pleasure, and subject to Grief, Pity, &c. Under these Notions, the Fountain, (which is in reality the same) is here considered.

She's

She's gone, who near thy Flow'ry Banks
 Sipp'd thy sweet Streams with Lips as sweet
 [so gay,
 as they.

A fierce *Disease* despoils her perfect Face,
 Robs her bright Eyes of each enchanting
 [Grace ;
 And from the sad, enamour'd, longing
 [Plains,
 The darling Object of our Sight detains.

Ah ! let the fatal Triumph quickly cease !
 Be lull'd, ye ling'ring Pains, in lasting Peace !
 And may the Nymph with usual Lustre
 Commanding Wonder, and attracting
 [move,
 [Love.

But yonder see ! my best, my dearest
 (And banish Sorrow from thy tim'rous
 [Part !
 [Heart)

See,

See, PALES * self regardful of our Care,

And the propitious Train of DRYADS near,

With *Cosmos*, *Iris*, *Balm*, and *Poppies* fraught;

With many a Cordial Juice, and Healing
[Draught;

Whose Vital Influence soon shall Sleep re-
[store,

And make thy Beauties lively as before.

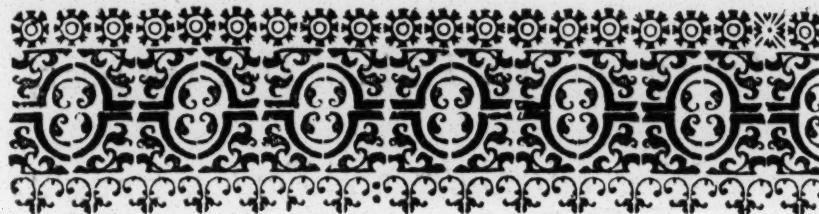
Then shall thy Presence gladden ev'ry Field,

The *Fountain* shall again his Waters yield :

New Leaves adorn the Trees, and Grass the
[Meads,

And Flow'rs shall rise where-e'er HYLLA
[treads;

* *The Goddess of the Shepherds.*



News from *Oxford* :
OR, THE
ELECTION.
A
T A L E.

NO Bed-maker has lately marry'd,
Nor has a Furbeloe miscarry'd :
No Miss is caught in Scholar's Bed ;
No Vacancy, no Fellow dead.

Yet

Yet this might justly be divin'd,
When Men drink hard, & Whores are kind.

My News is something wide of this,
Pleasant indeed, but not amiss.

All who know *Oxford*, know old *R--n--y's*,
As good a House as in the Town is :
A Man of honest Reputation,
And a Well-wisher to his Nation :
One who always thought it better,
To idolize the Golden Creature,
Than to unchain the flipp'ry God,
To help the Poor, and raise the Good.

However now (what few cou'd hope on)
His Heart and Cellar both were open :
Election-Time was coming on,
And he to represent the Town :
Which made him 'gainst his Will disburse
His good old Wine and string-ty'd Purse.

Many were there on this Occasion,
Who would not slip the Invitation.
Each Sex was free, both Man and Woman,
And nappy Ale was brisk and common :
Some smoke, some drink, while others sing,
And all wish well to *Church* and *King*.

Amongst

Amongst the rest, a *Smith* of Note
Came first to Drink, and then to Vote ;
A working Man, yet ne'er would fail
At Night to take his Pot of Ale :
Yet never tick'd behind the Door,
Nor fear'd th' Arrest of Chalken Score ;
However, being Holiday,
And Quarts were fill'd, and nought to pay,
He swallow'd Bumpers of *October*,
And had no Leisure to be sober ;
Till by Degrees it seiz'd his Crown,
And knock'd the mighty *Blacksmith* down.

But

But here we certainly may prove
The wond'rous Force and Pow'r of Love :
For tho' the *Smith* (the Lord knows how)
Was full as drunk as *David's* Sow,
Yet mindful of those greasie Charms,
He thought were in the *Cook-Maid's* Arms,
He strait resolv'd to steal to Bed,
Knowing right well where 'twas she laid.
But much ado to keep his Carcass
Within the Compas of the Stair-case :
And when unto the Top he come,
He entred strait the nearest Room,

Undrefs'd,

Undres'd, laid down, and drew the Curtain,
And thought his Prize most sure and certain.

But mark how mortal Man may fail
When all his Senses swim in Ale :
This Room the drunken *Smith* possest,
Was a young Lady's Place of Rest,
Who does in *Oxford* loudly boast,
And well deserves the Name of *Toast*.
But now the Clock was turn'd of One,
When Girls desire to be alone,
To think what Conquests they have made,
And dream of Pleasures in their Bed ;

Which

Which made the Lady think 'twas fit
T' obey the Custom of the Night :
And having bid the Guests adieu,
She curtsey'd, smil'd, and then withdrew.
Up stairs she went, and lock'd her Door,
And did a thousand Trifles more ;
Undress'd her Head, unpatch'd her Face,
Sung half a Song, and broke a Lace :
And guessing little of the Matter,
First said her Pray'rs, and then made Water,
Look'd in her Glaſs, walk'd up and down,
And sigh'd ſhe was to lie alone :
Then nimbly ſtepping into Bed,
Her Foot surpriz'd the *Blacksmith's* Head.

Scar'd at so terrible a Sight,
Down Stairs she ran in dismal Fright,
And thought she'd seen some Spirit evil,
Or rather, by his Hue, the Devil.
Her Haste betray'd her Nakedness,
Nor had she Words her Fright t' express:
The Men surpriz'd, began to stare,
To see a naked Beauty there ;
Some laugh, some smile, whilst others peep,
But all conclude she was asleep.
At length a Youth, who lov'd her Charms,
Seiz'd her, thus trembling, in his Arms,
And led her to some private Place,
To know the Cause, and search the Case.

And soon return'd to let them know
What 'twas produc'd this Raree-show.
Up stairs they run, and soon discover
The greasie *Cook-maid's* filthy Lover.
With much ado at length they wake him,
And thus the gallant Youth bespake him :
Pray, honest Friend, how came you here?
He answer'd, Sir, for some Small Beer.
Sirrah, is this your Rogueship's Nest?
Ay, Sir, says he, Small Beer is best.
I'll break your Head, you Dog, get up!
Oh, Sir, if 'twere but half a Sup,
I'd thank you for't most heartily ;
For I am wonderfully dry.

But

But finding 'twas in vain to reason,
Each Man of him a Part did seize on ;
Down to the Pump they strait convey'd him,
And in the Cistern gently laid him :
Which for two Reasons they thought fit,
To clean his Skin, and clear his Wit.

At this the *Smith* began to move,
Was told the Cause, and own'd his Love :
Was forry for the gross Mistake ;
But swore 'twas all for *Gillian's* sake.

O Rogue ! the *Cook-maid* strait cry'd out,
Was this the Cause of all this Rout ?
Pray, good Sirs, souce him once more over,
To cool the Courage of my Lover,

who would my Honour have betray'd,

And robb'd me of my Maidenhead.

Then taking up the Mop, she swore,

She'd scrub him e'er she'd be his Whore :

And probably had made his End,

Had not the Lady stood his Friend ;

who dreſt again, came to the Door,

And beg'd they would that Rage give o'er ;

And since 'twas on Love's Score he err'd,

He had her Pardon, and was spar'd.

Pleas'd with the Accident at laſt,

They all forgave him what was paſt :

But ſtill the Lady bluſh'd, as one

Too conſcious what her Fright had done.

But

But had the Man been neat and clean,

Perhaps all this had never been :

She might have spent a pleasing Night,

Have blest the Chance, and sav'd the Fright.

But this was such a filthy Creature,

Of swarthy, foul and dismal Feature,

Her nicer Appetite was gone ;

And so she left the Lout alone.

v

So VENUS, when to VULCAN's Bed

The trembling Goddess first was led,

With Horror she survey'd the Beast,

Extended in his sooty Nest :

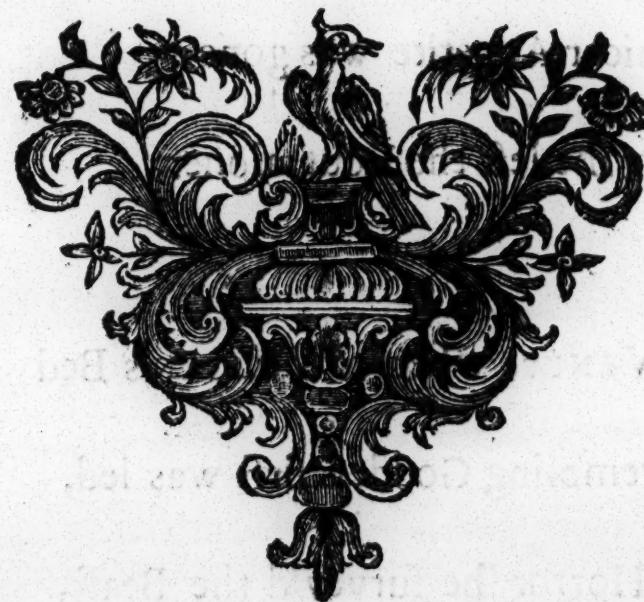
Her

Her Passions all were in a Fright,

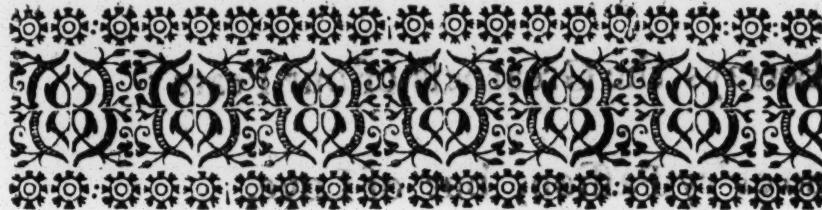
She swooned at the dreadful Sight :

She sprung with haste from his Abode,

And loath'd the Monster, tho' a God.



Mr. Wal-



Mr. Waller's POEM
UPON
LOVE,
ANSWERED.

By the Honourable Sir WILLIAM
WYVILL, Bart.

ANGER in hasty Words or Deeds,
The Bounds of Reason oft exceeds ;
And then at Leisure we repent
Words which our Passion made us vent.

Our

Our Sorrow too, in Sighs and Tears,
Betrays the Greatness of our Fears :
So ev'ry Passion, but of Love,
Our Folly, or our Pride, does prove :
And that alone the Soul inspires
With gen'rous Thoughts, and noble Fires.
Here the wide Air, with Sighs to fill,
Argues a secret Greatnes still :
And here to languish, grieve and moan,
Are Postures Men are proud to own.
For Women, to be Courted born,
The Bold and Forward pay with Scorn :
The Gay, the Frolick, and the Loud,
They justly think a saucy Croud.

He who of Heav'n a Favour begs,

Approaches not with upright Legs ;

But with a lowly Reverence,

Expects to move some Pity thence.

Well may we wonder at the East,

Their slavish Fear, like some tam'd Beast,

Submits to ev'ry stronger Hand,

Whose Pow'r alone gives them Command,

Yet never know what Pleasure lies

In Homage paid to Womens Eyes :

Who if but moderately Fair,

With each kind Look rewards a Pray'r.

Should now some lusty *Turk*, whose Miss,

At once his Slave and Lover is ;

Who at his Beck does trembling come,
Uncertain what must be her Doom,
See the Religion which we bear
Unto the Shrine of Beauty here ;
With a just Hate, he'd disapprove
The Paganism of his Love.

THIS like a whining Lover spoke :
No more I'll bow to *Sylvia's* Yoke.
Disdain and Rigour still to bear,
A Patience too unmanly were.
Ah ! scornful Nymph, no more expect
I will sustain your cold neglect :

For since you can, with so high Pride,
My Sighs, and Vows, and Tears deride,
Know, cruel *Sylvia*, know your Swain,
Has made a shift to break his Chain.

So have I seen a goodly Steed,
Of Fenwick's, or of Gascoign's Breed,
Won with soft Claps, and Usage fit,
His Back to th' Rider's Weight submit :
But when so far Men would provoke
His noble Courage, as to yoke
His stately Crest to some base Plow,
He strait begins to plunge and throw :
With furious Heels, he spurns around,
Brings all about him to the Ground :

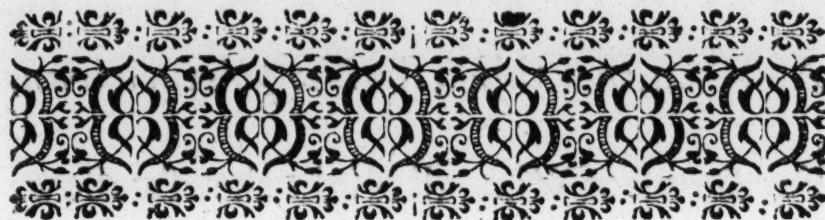
Tackling and Men on Heaps appear,
 As if a Whirlwind had been there.
 At last, from all Incumbrance freed,
 Away he flings, with nimble speed;
 Then with a Snort that rends the Skies,
 He cocks his Tail, and all defies.



A N

Your

How



A N

ESSAY.

T O

Restore the KIT-CAT-Mem-
bers to their lost Abilities,
for the Sake of the LADIES
who admire 'em.

I Hate your Sots, who drink like Dragons,
And daily meet, to toss of Flaggons ;
Your Men of wondrous Might, who boast,
How many Bumpers they can toast.

In

In poultry Verse, the Glass they crown,
And then, they think, the *Nymph*'s their own.
Full Bowls of Wine, all Night, they swallow,
And in 'em, afterwards, they wallow.
Are these the Ladies Men of Wit?
Are these Men for Their Business fit?
Shall one of these Men think to come,
With Claret reeking, reeling home,
To do a longing Lady Right,
That has expected him all Night?
Their Prowess all consists in Bragging,
At single Combat ever flagging.
Over their Liquor, they're most stout;
And the true Reason is, no doubt,

They

They fancy, they shall be as able

Next Morning, as last Night, at Table.

But now Sir *Dicky, Garth, and Buda,*

May trudge as often to Mount *Ida,*

As they think fit, there's ne'er a Goddess

Will come in Mask, or without Boddice,

To meet them at an Assignation,

Whilst there's a Porter left i'th' Nation.

I don't deny, in former Times,

But Women might take up with Rhymes,

And then your *Kit-Cat-Wits* might please

Such antiquated Things as these :

But now a-days, our Ladies wiser grow,

And like not Parts Above, so well as those
[Below.

On

*On a Lady walking in the Snow.*

By Dr. S O U T H.

I Saw fair CHLORIS walk alone,
When feather'd Rain came gently down ;
And * JOVE descended from his Tow'r,
To court her in a silver Show'r.

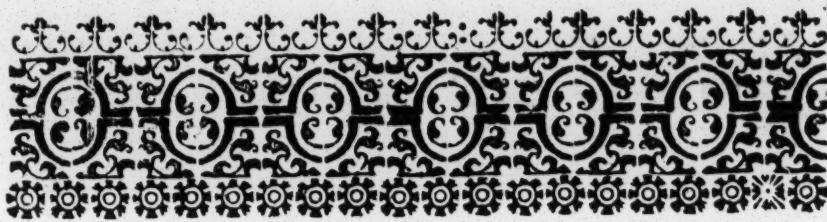
The wanton Snow flew to her Breasts,
Like little Birds into their Nests :
But, being o'ercome by Whiteness there,
With Grief dissolv'd into a Tear ;
And, trickling down her Garments Hem,
To deck her, froze into a Gem.

* Alluding to the Story of Danae.



*On Lady BETTY C-----LL,
Lord R---, and Col. C-----.*

TOO conscious of her Worth, a noble
[Maid,
Baulk'd many a Lover, and her Time o'er-
[staid;
Whilst yet a *Peer*, less doubting than the
[rest,
Defy'd her Coldness, and attack'd her
[Breast.
A Spaniel *Lord*, and Spaniel *Whelp* declare
Their Vows to serve, and Hope to please
[the Fair.
The cautious Nymph still fearing a Trapan,
Their Fortunes, Wit, and Worth did nicely
[scam:
Then, as the Reason of the Case was clear,
Embrac'd the *Puppy*, and dismiss'd the *Peer*.



SONG.

Hears not my PHILLIS, how the Birds
Their feather'd Mates salute?

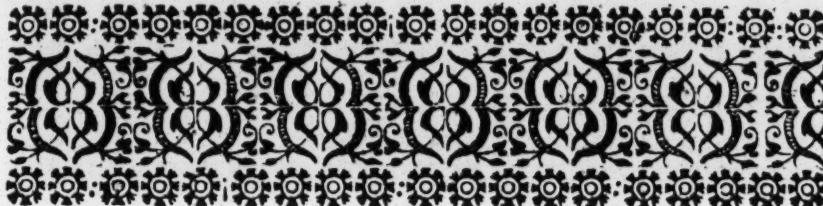
They tell their Passion in their Words ;
Must I alone be mute ?

PHILLIS, *without Frown or Smile,*
Sate and Knotted all the while.

The God of Love in thy bright Eyes
Does like a *Tyrant* reign :
But in thy Heart a *Child* he lies,
Without his *Dart* or *Flame*.

PHILLIS, &c.

EPI.



EPIGRAM,

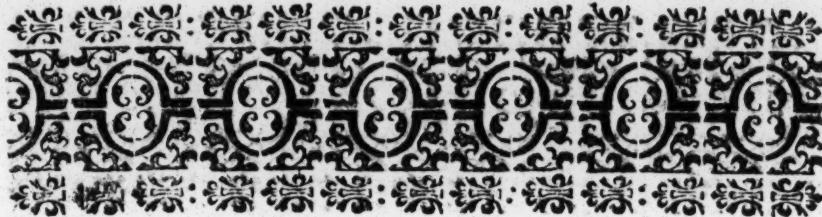
*On the PRINCE's appearing
at the Fire in Spring-Gar-
den, 1716.*

THY GUARDIAN, bleſt *Britannia*,
When the ſad Subjects of His Father weep,

Weak *Princes* by their Fears increase Di-
He faces Danger, and ſo makes it leſs.

Tyrants on blazinc Towns may ſmile with
He knows to *Save*, is greater than *Destroy*.

HOAD-



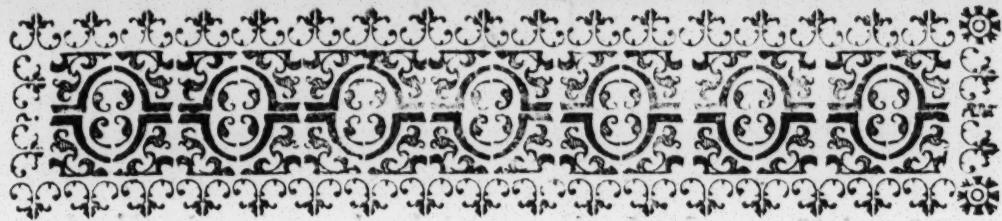
HOADLEY and SNAPE *Reconcil'd.*

GOOD Christians all, compose the Scrape
Twixt Bangor calm, and fervent *Snape*,

To ease the *Church* your *Mother* :
Betwixt them both, 'tis best, I say,
In *Summer-time*, with One to pray ;
In *Winter*, with the Other.



A N



A N

EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

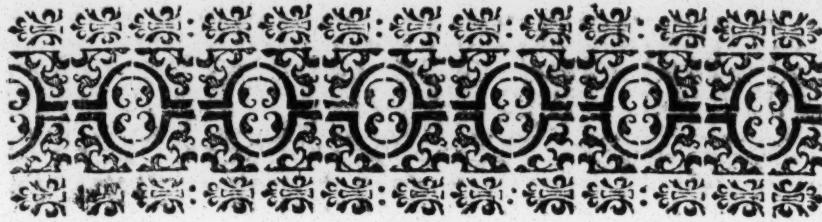
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

TO *Thee* once more, by duteous Raptures prest,
O ADDISON ! the tuneful Sisters haste ;
Once more the Lyres are tun'd, so lately strung,
When **W****A****R****W****I****C****K**'s Nuptials, and thy Joys were sung.
A Thousand Bards attempt melodious Airs,
And all *Parnassus* to Thy Roof repairs.

†

B

Hard



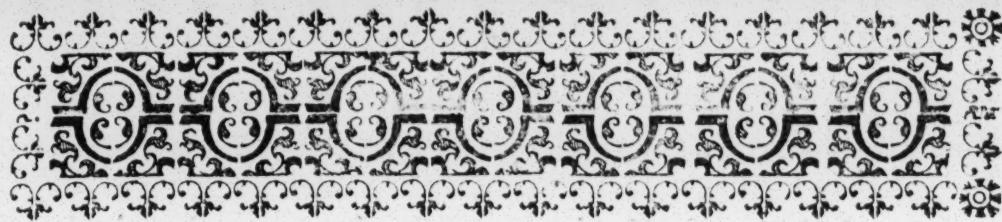
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A N



A N

EPISTLE

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JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

TO *Thee* once more, by duteous Raptures prest,
O ADDISON ! the tuneful Sisters haste ;
Once more the Lyres are tun'd, so lately strung,
When WARWICK's Nuptials, and thy Joys were sung.
A Thousand Bards attempt melodious Airs,
And all *Parnassus* to Thy Roof repairs.

†

B

Hard

Hard Fate of Merit, which the more it climbs,
 Lies more expos'd to Malice, and to Rhymes !
 Why must the Man, whom Worth has justly rais'd,
 Not live One Week un-envy'd, or un-prais'd ?

Nor shalt Thou yet deny thy gentler Ear,
 Tho' busy'd in the *Statesman's* giddy Sphere :
 On Poetry, as once, vouchsafe to shine,
 And smiling see Thy Ancient Friends, the *Nine* ?

In vain, alas ! the Vocal Sisters wait,
 Crowding the *Levees* of the Vulgar Great :
 In vain to some unletter'd Lord they bend,
 Whom whilst their Hearts despise, their Tongues
 A poor neglected Muse whole Years may ply,
 And scarce meet once th' embroider'd **Coxcomb's**
 [Eye.

Thou (who with Judgment from Thy Youth endu'd,
 Hast all the Tracks of mighty Souls persu'd,
 Of *Rome* and *Athens* the fair Patterns known,
 And made Thy *CATO*'s glorious Rules Thy own ;)
 With Glory shalt confess the sacred Flame,
 Nor turn disdainful at a *Poet*'s Name.

Hence ev'ry Honest Heart with Joy o'erflows,
 And Rage Divine, in ev'ry Bosom glows :
 Hence Tuneful Crowds, whose Theme is Thy Re-
[nown,
 Fill ev'ry Quarter of this Rhyming Town.
 For *Thee* at Home the zealous Songsters pore,
 Shun Clubs of *Port* ; and turn their *Classicks* o'er ;
 Profuse of Incense, Reams of Paper waste,
 Thy Soul mistaking, as they do Thy Taste :
 Sudden they quit their Labours for the Stage,
 Heroes and Kings of some Romantic Age ;

Leave BRUNSWICK's Virtues an unfinish'd Work,
And EUGENE's Conquests o'er the distant *Turk*.

But such dull Parasites shall toil in vain,
Born to disgust, and doom'd to give *Thee* Pain ;
Thou scorn'st the Homage which the Scribler pays,
And reddens't into Flame at justest Praise.

Too rigid Virtue ! — (fearful to offend)
How shall my Muse Thy high-rais'd Worth com-
[mend ?
On such loath'd Topicks how presume to dwell ?
(Topicks, which soon would to a Volume fwell !)
The Muse, alas ! Thy Blushes tries to spare ;
But still grows Fulsome spite of all her Care.

APOLLO cries, Since Rhyming is thy Trade,
Fool, for some Coxcomb let the Snare be laid ;

Extol

Extol his Wisdom, or his Valour prize,
 And place his Godlike Person in the Skies.
 Derive him if thou wilt from *Trojan* Blood,
 Or trace his Fathers from *Deucalion's* Flood ;
 But dare not here thy worthless Praise bestow ;
 And leave the Task to CONGREVE or to ROWE.

The *God* commands, and with dissembled Pain,
 I try to leave, but find the Tryal vain ;
 For spite of all that I can think, or see,
 My Song, still, ADDISON, returns to *Thee*.

If wanting Matter, and to write inclin'd,
 Immortal CHURCHILL's Deeds I call to mind ;
 Each great Atchievement studious to proclaim,
 And tracing all his mighty Steps to Fame ;
 Before my Eyes *Thy* Model still I set,
 Nor can *Thy* Wars and MARLBOROUGH's forget.

Thy

Thy great CAMPAIGN, which will to Future Times
 Convey the *Chief*, in ever-living Rhymes ; My war
 When Helms, and Spears, and Shields, shall sink in Are fixt
 And Blenheim's glorious Fabrick shall be Dust. [Rus] of rising
 And we

Or should the Love of Fame so far prevail,
 To make me venture on some mournful Tale ; Perha
 To pen Five Acts, and, rul'd by *Tragic Lawes*,
 In swelling Numbers court the Town's Applause And ve
 To form my Poem by some Finish'd Piece,
 In vain I ransack all the Wits of *Greece* ; Or SPEN
 In vain on Celebrated Moderns pore,
 And *Gallic Muses*, who the *Buskin* wore : Or cull
 Those are too Dry, I find, too Tastless These,
 And only **CATO**, can my Fancy please. That G
 Here Bossu's *Rules* are mixt with SHAKESPEAR's *Fire*
 And Criticks rage, because They *must* Admire. GEOR
 Still all
 Has of
 Thy
 I view
 And li
 The M
 M

My wand'ring Eyes (such Energy is there)
 Are fixt on BOOTH, and quite neglect the Fair;
 Of rising Passions I let loose the Rein,
 And weep the Wrongs of *Rome* in *Drury-Lane*.

Perhaps, I stretch upon a bolder Wing,
 And venture at the Praise of *Britain's KING* ;
 Or SPENSER's noblest Numbers I peruse ;
 Or cull sweet Praise from WALLER's gentler Muse ;
 That Godlike *GEORGE* may his long RACE out-
GEORGE, the Great Promise of our *Saxon Line* :
 Still all I write, whilst on their Steps I tread,
 Has of ELIZA, or of CHARLES been said.

Thy Song to KNELLER strikes my ravish'd Ear ;
 I view His *Picture*, and Thy *Verse* I hear :
 And like some *Wasp*, that robs the Gen'rous *Bee*,
 The *Monarch* form, by KNELLER, and by THEE.

Thus,

Thus, sacred Bard, I keep *Thee* still in View,
 Whatever Task my roving Thoughts perfue,
 From *Thee* I Copy each Imperfect Line,
 And by *Thy* great Original, Design.
 So pregnant Brides, to yield a lovely Race,
 Before their Eyes some Beauteous Pattern place :
 Their strong Desires great Nature's Hand controul,
 And fix that Image in the forming Soul.

Why strives my Muse to raise her humble Voice ?
 Why to such Lofty Themes directs her Choice ?
 On feeble Pinions can she hope to fly,
 And after soaring *Swans*, attempt the Sky ?
 'Tis fruitless all ! fond Maid, renounce thy Pride,
 Creep in the Crowd, or lay thy Lute aside ;
 To some Low Subject tune thy Lowly Song,
 And fear to mingle in the Sacred Throng.

An Age there was (nor has it long been fled)
 When *Roman* Elegance and Arts lay dead ;
 When great **M**INERVA her lost Empire wept,
 And all th' *Aonian* Maids, forgotten, slept.
 Then **C**ourts approv'd what ev'ry Blockhead writ :
 For **R**hyme and Jingle, were the Test of Wit :
 No Poet had Two Grains of Sense in Store,
 Nor one **M**ÆCENAS of that Age had more.

What Glorious Monarchs oft our Scepter sway'd,
 Whose Deeds to future Times were unconvey'd !
 What *Saxon* Heroes in Oblivion lye !
 What Chiefs, that wav'd their *Norman* Banners high
 For want of Bards, and some Immortal Strain ;
 And loud I hear them groan from their *Elysian* Plain.

Then Ignorance in Pomp exalted sat,
 And with Lay-Plunder sluggish Priests grew fat ;
 No Muses soar'd above their feeble Wing,
 Or quench'd their Drought from the *Caſtalian* Spring,
 No BAVIUS trembled, and no Critick hiss'd ;
 For Dulness hung an Universal Mist :
 I too, might then my Harp have boldly strung,
 And, not un-noted, in the Crowd have sung.

By slow Degrees at last, thro' tedious Night,
 A Dawn of Learning shot its Infant Light ;
 The Chains of *Rome* indignant *Britain* broke,
 And her Free Sons shook off the Bigot Yoke :
 Arts and good Sense their long-lost Thrones regain,
 And hoodwink'd Error flies beyond the Main.

But this fair Sun-shine was again o'er-cast,
When *Britain's* Royal Virgin breath'd her last :
A Reign of Envy, and of Sloth succeeds,
A VILLARS rises, and a RALEIGH bleeds !

And are there Monarchs yet, who, charm'd by Sense,
To humble Merit shall their Gifts dispense?
Who dare exalt, in spite of Envy's Cloud,
The Learned, and the Good, above the Crowd?
In vain I search the long Records of Those,
Who sprang from ROLLO, or from WODEN rose;
Who grasp'd the Battle-Axe, or shook the Lance;
Who conquer'd *Britain*, or were fear'd in *France*;
Since Ancient EGBERT's Days, I find but ONE,
Who shines on Virtue, like a constant Sun:
Thou, *GEORGE*, art HE! for whom I touch my
[Strings.
Of Men the Model, as the Pride of Kings:

Bold to Subdue, and Merciful to Save,
Wise, like Great TUDOR ; like Great NASSAU, Brave.

Forgive me, ADDISON ! that thus I stray,
A while by BRUNSWICK's Virtues call'd away;
Forgive the Voice, that consecrates to Fame,
The Mighty Source from whence Thy Honours came.
Thou, too, wouldst sing ; but, ah ! the Publick Weal
Forbids th' Endeavour, and restrains Thy Zeal :
Claim'd by the State, Thy Muse must try no more
Her Gen'rous Wing, nor Warble as before.

Nor art Thou silent, mighty Bard, alone ;
(Whose Fame extends o'er all the Temp'rate Zone ;
Far as the distant *Latian* Realms renown'd,
Where-e'er Thy Feet have trod Thy *Classick* Ground)

The Muses Toil by Business is destroy'd,
And scarce One Loyal Pen lies un-employ'd.

PHILIPS and TICKELL drop their useless Lyres :
LATONA's Son no more his GARTH inspires ;
GARTH's noble Strains no more the Bard confess,
We lose his Numbers, tho' his Art we bles.

Ah ! who shall then, amidst this Dearth of Rhymes,
Convey Great COWPER's Name to future Times ?
Or, PARKER, on Thy Worth due Praife bestow ;
PARKER ! ASTRÆA's Substitute below.
What youthful Voice, in ever-living Verse,
NEWCASTLE's blooming Glories shall rehearse ?
Shall After-Ages only read in Prose,
How brave CADOGAN, or how STANHOPE rose ?
How SPENCER labours for the State again ;
And BERKLEY grasps the Trident of the Main ?

But what avails it, O ye Noble Pair !

That your high Worth becomes your Monarch's
Fame, Honour, Wealth, are an Exchange too poor,
[Care,

For those Fair Brides You lost, and we must sing no
[more !

Thus whilst Imperial BRUNSWICK bears the
Who calls out Merit to the Face of Day ;
[Sway,

Who justly knows on Virtue's Side t' emboss,

The *English*, or the *Scottish* Champion's Cross ;

Secure of lasting Peace let *Britain* stand,

Nor fear the rugged *Goth*'s Barbarian Hand :

Superior in Her Self, She shall controul

The Rage and Millions of the Frozen Pole :

No hostile Keel shall touch her sacred Coast,

Whilst Learning guides her State, and Conquest leads
[her Host.

Well is the Loss repair'd, we felt of late,

When our lov'd HALIFAX resign'd to Fate :

Or

Or when each Orphan Muse, with Grief unfeign'd,
 O gentle SOMERS ! o'er Thy Urn complain'd.
 Nor shall the Sisters longer now repine,
 Because no Kind, Auspicious Monarchs shine ;
 But fill with just Applause the vaulted Sky,
 Since Thou, their ADDISON, art rais'd so high.

So smil'd the Muses, when in Days of Yore,
 Their Great ITALICUS the Purple wore,
 Decreed *Rome's* Consul by the Senate's Voice ;
 Whilst all the conquer'd Globe approv'd the Choice.

Ye slothful Bards, who careless of the Bays,
 Near *Cam*, or *Ijs*, waste your Dronish Days ;
 Whose Youths mispent, inglorious fleet away,
 Beneath some plodding BENTLEY's Tyrant Sway,
 See what Renown a Glorious Muse may claim,
 And learn to bustle in the Race of Fame.

Let abject Themes no more employ your Lays,
 A Coxcomb's Merit, or a Pedant's Praise :
 For nobler Flights now prune your Gen'rous Wings,
 And tune your Harps to Heroes and to Kings.

Observe, and may it set your Souls on Fire,
 How HALIFAX did first to Praise aspire ;
 By CHARLES how cherish'd, and by WILLIAM rais'd,
 With full Meridian Light, his Virtue blaz'd :
 Then to Great BRUNSWICK's Glorious Age
 Who gives new Lustre to the *British* Crown ;
 [come down,
 See Merit tow'ring tow'rds her Skies again,
 For ADDISON is now, what HALIFAX was then.

Nor vainly dread, that in the Monarch's Court,
 Your noble Strains shall be some Blockhead's Sport ;
 That Court, in which are undistinguish'd seen
 The Pearly Coronet, and Laurel Green :

The Statesman here to Bards a Friend confess,
 Shall make each noble Muse a welcome Guest :
 Your gentle ADDISON shall hold you dear,
 And praise your Numbers in His Master's Ear :
 Nor ADDISON alone, to Merit just,
 Shall raise your Hopes, your Fortunes from the Dust,
 WARWICK Himself (if Poets can foresee)
 That blooming Peer, shall your MÆCENAS be :
 He too, perhaps, shall feel the Sacred Rage,
 And prove the DORSET of the future Age.

Me, deeply smit with fierce BELLONA's Charms,
 Mean while, New Wars may call again to Arms ;
 Or where EUGENE extends young AUSTRIA's Reign,
 Or where high *Calpe* bounds th' *Hesperian* Main ;
 Untaught to mingle in the Sacred Throng,
 To Arts a Stranger, and unfit for Song.

†

D

What

What tho' near *Cam* I touch'd the Vocal Shell,
 And tasted whilom of the Sacred Well ;
 By great Examples, was like others, fir'd,
 And, mix'd with happier Bards, to Praise aspir'd ;
 My Hopes were equal, and the same my Pride ;
 But soon my tuneless Harp was laid aside.

Nor shalt Thou then (so vain I dare not be)
 Vouchsafe, O ADDISON ! to shine on Me ;
 Tho' long intreated, and tho' oft persu'd :
 Too Poor my Fancy, and my Verse too Rude !
 I write ; but, ah ! the Muses quickly see,
 I cannot stand the Test of *Light*, or *Thee* :
 The Muses see, and check my Pride aloud,
 And bid Me mingle with th' ignobler Crowd.

So t

Who b

By the

Their

So

So the proud Eagles, Ministers of JOVE,
Who build their Eyries in some lofty Grove ;
By the Sun's Glorious Beams, are wont to try
Their unsledg'd Young ; and if they Wink, they Dye.

F I N I S.





C

Poem
Cu
Ca

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